तव कथामृतं तप्तजीवनम्
tava kathāmṛtaṁ tapta-jīvanam

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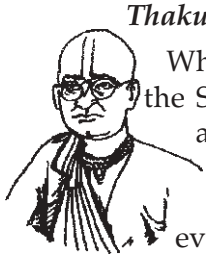
Controversy Amongst Devotees

Srila Bhaktisiddhanta Saraswati Thakur Prabhupada



What the unalloyed devotees of the Supreme Lord say is all true and is independent of any consideration of unwholesome pros and cons. There is, however, an element of mystery in the verbal controversies that are sometimes seen to arise between them. Those whose judgment is made of mundane stuff, being unable to enter into the spirit of the all-loving controversies among pure devotees due to their own want of unalloyed devotion, are apt to impute to the devotees their own defects of partisanship and opposing views.

— Purport to *Śrī Brahma-saṁhitā* 5.37.

Krishna was Bound on Dipavali Day

His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

Srila Viswanath Chakravarti Thakur, quoting from the *Vaiṣṇava-toṣaṇī* of Srila Sanatan Goswami, says that the incident of Krishna's breaking the pot of yogurt and being bound by mother Yasoda took place on the *Dīpāvalī* day, or *Dīpa-mālikā*. Even today in India this festival is generally celebrated very gorgeously in the month of *Kārtika* by fireworks and lights, especially in Bombay.

It is to be understood that among all the cows of Nanda Maharaja, several of mother Yasoda's cows ate only grasses so flavorful that the grasses would automatically flavor the milk. Since Mother Yasoda thought that the child Krishna was going to the houses of neighborhood *gopas* and *gopīs* to steal butter because He did not like the milk and yogurt ordinarily prepared, she wanted to collect the milk from these special cows, make it into yogurt, and personally churn it into butter.

While churning the butter, mother Yasoda was singing about the childhood activities of Krishna. It was formerly a custom that if one wanted to remember something constantly, he would transform it into poetry or have this done by a professional poet. It appears that mother Yasoda did not want to forget Krishna's activities at any time.

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Therefore she poeticized all of Krishna's childhood activities, such as the killing of Putana, Aghasura, Sakatasura and Tṛnavarta, and while churning the butter, she sang about these activities in poetical form. This should be the practice of persons eager to remain Krishna conscious twenty-four hours a day. This incident shows how Krishna conscious Mother Yasoda was. To stay in Krishna consciousness, we should follow such persons.

— Purport to *Bhāg*. 10.9.1-2.

Description of the Yogurt Thief

***From* Garga Saṁhita**
Canto One, Chapter Seventeen

[Spoken By Garga Muni:] Delighting the cowherd men and women with His childhood pastimes, Lord Hari often conspired with His friends to steal butter and ghee. One day, Prabhavati *gopī*, who was Upananda's wife, came to Nanda's palace and spoke to Yasoda, "O Yasoda, for the two of us there is no separate property in butter, ghee, milk, yogurt, and buttermilk. By your kindness, what is yours is also mine. I don't say you taught Him to steal. I know You didn't teach Him. But I have to tell you that your son steals butter on His own. When I try to give Him good instructions, your arrogant son speaks bad words and runs from my courtyard. He is the son of Vraja's king. He should not steal. O Yasoda, there are some other things also, but out of respect for you I have not told them."

After hearing her words, Yasoda, the wife of Nanda, gently spoke to Prabhavati with great love, "I have ten million cows. There is so much yogurt in the house that I cannot move. I do not know why my little boy never drinks any of the yogurt here. Bring this yogurt thief to me. O Prabhavati, there is no difference between your son and my son. You bring that boy here with butter in His mouth and I will teach Him a lesson. I will scold Him and tie Him up."

Hearing these words, that *gopī* became happy and went home. Then, one day, Krishna went to her home to steal yogurt. Grasping it with one hand after another, Krishna and His boy friends gradually scaled the outer wall and entered the courtyard. Seeing the yogurt was in a jug hanging on ropes beyond His hand's reach, by arranging a footstool, a grinding mortar, and the cowherd boys, Lord Hari climbed up to it. When even from that height the yogurt jar hanging from the ropes could not be reached, Sridama and Subal hit the jar with sticks. The yogurt flowed from the broken jug to the ground, Krishna, Subal, the boys, and some monkeys, all ate it. Hearing the sound of the jug breaking, the *gopī* Prabhavati came. The boys fled and she grabbed Lord Hari's beautiful hand.

As Krishna shed false tears, she brought Him to Nanda's palace. Seeing Nanda Maharaja standing there, she became nervous and covered Krishna's face with the edge of His garment. Lord Hari thought, "My mother will hit me with a stick." The Supreme Personality of Godhead, who can do whatever He likes, then manifested the form of Prabhavati's son. Yasoda quickly came, and the angry Prabhavati said, "He broke a jug and stole all the yogurt in it." Seeing that it was Prabhavati's son, Yasoda smiled and said to the *gopī*, "O *gopī*, take the edge of the garment from His face and tell the mischief He has done. When it may be said *my* son has done some mischief, you may throw Him out of my house. Your son did the theft you say my son did." Ashamed of what people might think, Prabhavati *gopī* took the cloth from His face. Seeing her own son, she was surprised at heart and said:

"How did you come here without walking? I had the treasure of Vraja in my hand!" Saying this, and taking him with her, she left Nanda's palace. Yasoda, Rohini, Nanda, Balaram, and the *gopas* and *gopīs* laughed, saying, "Today we saw a great injustice in Vraja."

On the path outside, again becoming Nanda's son, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, smiling, confident, and His eyes restless, spoke to the *gopī* Prabhavati. Krishna said, "O *gopī*, if you capture Me again, I will take the form of your husband. There is no doubt of it."

When she heard this, the astonished *gopī* went home. From then on, in every home, impelled by fear of embarrassment, the *gopīs* would not capture Krishna. ❀

— Translated by Sri Kusakratha Das. The Krishna Institute, Culver City, California.

The Supreme Thief

Śrī Caurāgragaṇya-puruṣāṣtakam

Caurāgragaṇya-puruṣāṣtakam *is an ancient song written by an unknown* vaiṣṇava. *The following expanded translation of this song was given in a lecture by Sri Srimad Gour Govinda Swami, and is taken from chapter seven of the book* Mathura Meets Vrindavan.

vraje prasiddhaṁ navanīta-couraṁ
gopāṅganānāṁ ca dukūla-couram
aneka-janmārjita-pāpa-couraṁ
caurāgragaṇyaṁ puruṣaṁ namāmī

I offer my obeisances to that supreme thief, Lord Hari, who is the best of all thieves. He steals the butter from the houses of the damsels of Vrajabhumi. He steals all the garments of the damsels of Vrajabhumi. He is famous for His acts of stealing. He steals all the sinful reactions of His devotees. Such a great thief! I offer my obeisances to that supreme thief.

śrī-rādhikāyā hṛdayasya couraṁ
navāmbuda-śyāmala-kānti-couram
padāśritānāṁ ca samasta-couraṁ
caurāgragaṇyaṁ puruṣaṁ namāmī

He steals the heart of Radharani. He steals the blackish hue of the dark cloud. He steals everything. For those who take shelter at His lotus feet, He steals everything they have. He takes all of their possessions, their material assets, money, and men. He even steals their mind. I offer my obeisances to that great thief, supreme thief.

akiñcanī-kṛtya padāśritaṁ yaḥ
karoti bhikṣuṁ pathi geha-hīnam
kenāpy aho bhīṣaṇa-caura īdṛg
dṛṣṭaḥ śruto vā na jagat-traye 'pi

He takes away everything from those who take shelter at His lotus feet. He takes away their material wealth, their wife, their children, and their kith and kin. He takes everything. Then those persons become paupers, like beggars on the street with no house, no hut, nothing. Such a great thief, who steals away everything. I have not seen or heard of such a great thief, supreme thief, in all the three worlds. I offer my obeisances to that supreme thief.

yadīya nāmāpi haraty aśeṣaṁ
giri-prasārān-api pāpa-rāśīn
āścārya-rūpo nanu caura īdṛg
dṛṣṭaḥ śruto vā na mayā kadāpi

Such a great thief! If one only hears His name He takes away all their sinful reactions. I have never seen or heard of such a wonderful thief! I pay my obeisances to that supreme thief.

dhanaṁ ca mānaṁ ca tathendriyāṇi
prāṇāṁś ca hṛtvā mama sarvam eva
palāyase kutra dhṛto 'dya caura
tvaṁ bhakti-dāmnāsi mayā niruddhaḥ

O great thief! Stealing all of our assets, bank balance, money, land, property, prestige, fame, senses, mind, heart, and everything, You are running away! Where are You running? I will catch hold of You! You are such a great thief, but now You are caught! I will bind You with this rope of love! Where will you go now, great thief, running away and taking everything? You are bound up with this very strong rope of love! You cannot run away now!

chinatsi ghoraṁ yama-pāśa-bandhaṁ
bhinatsi bhīmaṁ bhava-pāśa-bandham
chinatsi sarvasya samasta-bandhaṁ
naivātmano bhakta-kṛtaṁ tu bandham

You may cut off the rope of Yamaraj; You may cut off this material bondage. But You cannot cut this bondage of love. Now You are in bondage. I have bound You up!

man-mānase tāmasa-rāśi-ghore
kārā-gṛhe duḥkha-maye nibaddhaḥ
labhasva he caura! hare! cirāya
sva-caurya-doṣocitam eva daṇḍam

O great thief Lord Hari! I am putting You in the very dark prison house of my heart! This is the right prison for You! I am putting You here forever! This is the proper punishment for Your act of stealing! Stay forever in this prison house of my heart! I'll never release You!

kārā-gṛhe vasa sadā hṛdaye madīye
mad-bhakti-pāśa-dṛḍha-bandhana-niścalaḥ san

tvāṁ kṛṣṇa he! pralaya-koṭi-śatāntare 'pi
sarvasva caura hṛdayān-nahi mocayāmi

Now I have bound You with the rope of love and put You in the prison house of my heart! Stay there, stay there, stay there! You cannot get Yourself free from this very tight bondage! O Krishna! You have stolen everything from me — my material assets, my name, my fame, my beauty, my reputation, my kith and kin, my family members, my heart, and mind! This is the proper punishment for You, to remain in this prison house of my heart, bound up very tightly with the rope of love, forever and forever! If crores of *pralayas* come, still I won't release You! This is suitable punishment for such a great thief as You!" ❀

— *Mathura Meets Vrindavan*. Gopal Jiu Publications. Bhubaneswar, India. 2003.

Prayers to Nanda and Yasoda

śrutim apare smṛtim itare
bhāratam anye bhajantu bhava-bhītāḥ
aham iha nandaṁ vande
yasyālinde paraṁ brahma

Those who are afraid of material existence worship Vedic literature. Some worship *smṛti*, the corollaries to Vedic literature, and others worship the *Mahābhārata*. As far as I am concerned, I worship Maharaja Nanda, the father of Krishna, in whose courtyard the Supreme Personality of Godhead, the Absolute Truth, is playing.

(Text 127, by Sri Raghupati Upadhyaya.)

bandhūkāruṇa-vasanaṁ
sundara-kūrcaṁ mukunda-hṛta-nayanam
nandaṁ tundila-vapuṣaṁ
candana-gaura-tviṣaṁ vande

I offer my respectful obeisances to Nanda Maharaja. His garments are red as a *bandhūka* flower. His face is handsome. His chubby form is the golden color of sandalwood paste. His eyes are enchanted by the sight of Lord Mukunda.

(Text 128, by Srila Rupa Goswami)

aṅkaga-paṅkaja-nābhāṁ
nava-ghanābhāṁ vicitra-ruci-sicayām
viracita-jagat-pramodāṁ
muhur yaśodāṁ namasyāmi

Mother Yasoda holds Lord Pankajanabha (Krishna) on her lap. Her garments are wonderfully beautiful. Her complexion is the color of a fresh rain cloud. She delights the entire world. I repeatedly offer my respectful obeisances to her.

(Text 129, by Srila Rupa Goswami) ❀

— *Śrī Padyāvalī*, a book of verses compiled by Srila Rupa Goswami. English translation by Sri Kusakratha Das. Krishna Library. Culver City California. 1989.

Yasoda's Tears

Srila Sanatan Goswami's
Śrī Bṛhad-bhāgavatāmṛta

ahaṁ śrī-vasudevena samānītā tato yadā
yaśodāyā mahārtāyās tadānīntana-rodanaiḥ

grāvo 'pi rodity aśaner apy antar dalati dhruvam
jīvan-mṛtānām anyāsāṁ vārtāṁ ko 'pi mukhaṁ nayet

[Rohini speaks to Uddhava and Narada in Dwarka about the Vrajabasis feelings of separation from Krishna:] When Sri Vasudev brought me back from Gokula, the cries of the greatly distraught Yasoda made even stones shed tears, and lightning bolts shatter. And who can let the mouth speak about the other women of Vraja, who after Krishna left became like living corpses? ❀

— 1.6.31-32. English translation by Sri Gopiparanadhana Das. Bhaktivedanta Book Trust. Los Angeles. 2003.

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Website: www.gopaljiu.org
Subscriptions: minimag@gopaljiu.org

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